THE COMPTER SCUFFLE: OR, THE Prisoners in an Uproar.

Ellis, *a Pippin-pie had got;*
A sorer Weapon than the Pot;
For lo, the Apples being hot,
did scald him.

The Captain laid about him still,
As if he would poor Ellis *kill;*
And with his Eel, with a Good-will,
he maul'd him.

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BRITISH MUSEUM
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JAN

THE COMPTER SCUFFLE.

LET that majeſtic Pen that writes
Of brave King *Arthur*, and his Knights,
And of their noble Feats and Fights;
And thoſe who tell of Mice and Frogs,
And of the Skirmiſhes of Hogs,
And of fierce Bears and Maſtiff-Dogs,
be ſilent:

And now let each one liſten well,
While I the famous Battle tell,
In *Wood-ſtreet Compter*, that befell
in High-Lent.

In which great Scuffle, only twain
Without much Hurt, or being ſlain,
Immortal Honour did obtain,
by Merit.

One was a Captain in Degree,
A ſtrong and luſty Man was he;
T'other a Tradeſman, bold and free
of Spirit.

And tho' he was no Man of Force,
He had a Stomach like a Horſe,
And in his Rage had no Remorſe
or Pity,

Full nimbly could he Cuff and Clout,
And was accounted without Doubt,
One of the prettieſt Sparks about
the City.

And at his Weapon any way,
He could perform a Single Fray,
Even from the long Pike to the Tay-
lor's Bodkin.

He reckt not for his Fleſh a jot,
He fear'd not Engliſhman or Scot,
For Man or Monſter car'd he not,
a Dodkin.

For Fighting was his Recreation,
And like a Man in Deſperation,
For Law, Edict, or Proclamation
he car'd not.

And in his Anger (Cauſe being given)
To lift his Hand 'gainſt good Sir Steven,
Or any Juſtice under Heaven,
he fear'd not.

He durſt his Enemy withſtand,
Or at *Tergoos* or *Calis*-Sand,
And bravely there with ſword in Hand
would greet him,

Noble *Ellis** was his Name,
Who 'mongſt his Foes to purchaſe Fame,
Not cared tho' the Devil came
to meet him.

---

* *A Goldſmith.*

And this brave Goldſmith was the Man,
Who firſt this worthy Brawl began,
Which after ended in a Can
of mild Beer.

But had you ſeen him when he fought,
How eagerly for Blood he ſought,
There's no Man but would him have thought,
a wild Bear.

Imagine now you ſee a Score
Of Mad Cap Gentlemen, or more,
Boys that did uſe to roiſt, and roar,
and ſwagger.

Among the which were three or four,
That rul'd themſelves by Wiſdom's lore,
Whoſe very Grandſires ſcarcely wore
a Dagger.

A Prieſt, and Lawyer, Men well read,
In wiping Spoons, and chipping Bread,
And falling to, Short Grace being Said,
full roundly:

Whoſe hungry Maws no Sallads need
Good Appetites therein to breed,
Their Stomachs without Sauce could feed
profoundly.

'Twas Ill that Men of ſober Diet;
Who lov'd to fill their Guts in Quiet,
Were plac'd with Ruffians that to Riot
were given.

And (O great Grief!) even from their Food,
(Their Stomachs too being ſtrong and good)
And that Sweet Place whereon it ſtood,
be driven.

But here 'tis fitting I repeat,
What Food our dainty Priſoners eat;
But if in placing of the Meat
and diſhes.

From curious Order I do ſwerve,
'Tis that themſelves did none obſerve,
For which nor Fleſh they did deſerve
nor Fiſhes.

But ſome (perhaps) will ſay that Lent,
Affords them nor what here is meant,
So much, ſo Good; and that they went
without it.

'Tis like: But if I add a Diſh,
Or two, or three, of Fleſh, or Fiſh,
They either had, or did it wiſh
ne'er doubt it.

Then wipe your Mouths while I declare,
The Goodneſs of this Lenten-Fare,
Which is in Priſon very rare
I tell ye.

Furmity, ſweet as any Nut,
As good as ever ſwill'd a Gut,
And Butter fine as e'er was put
in Belly.

Eggs by the Dozen, new and good,
Which in white Salt uprightly ſtood,
And Meats which heat and ſtir the Blood
to Action.

As Butter'd Crabs, and Lobſters red,
Which ſend the married Pair to Bed,
And in looſe Bloods have often bred
a Faction.

Fiſh butter'd to the Platter's Brim,
And Parſnips did in Butter ſwim,
Strew'd o'er with Pepper neat and trim,
Salt Salmon.

Smelts cry'd, Come eat me, do not ſtay;
Freſh Cods, and Maids, full nearly lay,
And next to theſe a luſty Ba-
con Gammon.

Stuck thick with Cloves upon the Back,
Well ſtuft with Sage, and for the Smack,
Daintily ſtrew'd with Pepper black.
Sous'd Gurnet,

Pickrell, Sturgeon, Tench and Trout,
Meat far too good for ſuch a Rout,
To tumble, toſs, and throw about,
and ſpurn it.

The next a Neat's-Tongue neatly dry'd,
Muſtard and Sugar by his ſide,
Roches butter'd, Flounders fry'd,
hot Cuſtard.

Eels, boil'd and broil'd; and next they bring
Herring, that is the Fiſhes King,
And then a courtly Poul of Ling,
and Muſtard.

But ſtay, I had almoſt forgot,
The Fleſh which ſtill ſtands piping hot,
Some from the Spit, ſome from the Pot
new taken:

A Shoulder and a Leg of Mutton,
As good as ever Knife was put on,
Which never were by a true Glutton
forſaken.

A Loin of Veal that would have dar'd,
One of the hungrieſt of the Guard,
And they ſometimes will feed full hard,
like tall Men,

And ſuch as love the luſty Chine;
But when that I ſhall ſup or dine,
God grant they be no Gueſts of mine,
of all Men.

Thus the Deſcriptions are compleat,
Which I have made of Men and Meat,
Mars aid me now, while I repeat
the Battle,

Where Pots and Stools were us'd as Gins
To break each others Heads and Shins,
Where Blows did make Bones in their Skins
to rattle;

Where Men to Madneſs never ceaſt,
'Till each one (furious as a Beaſt)
Had ſpoil'd the Faſhion of a Feaſt
full dainty,

Whereon (had they not been accurſt)
They might have fed 'till Bellies burſt;
But *Ellis* ſhew'd himſelf the worſt
of twenty.

For he began this monſtrous Brawl,
Which afterward incens'd them all
To throw the Meat about the Hall
that Even.

And now give Ear unto the Jar,
That fell between theſe Men of War,
Wherein ſo many a harmleſs Scar
was given.

The Board thus furniſh'd each Man's Fate,
Some fell to feeding, ſome to prate,
'Mong whom a jarring Queſtion ſtrait
was riſen.

For they grew hotly in diſpute,
What calling was of moſt repute;
'Twas well their Wits were ſo acute
in Priſon.

While they diſcours'd, the Parſon blythe
Fed as he meant to have the Tythe
Of every Diſh; being ſharp as Scythe
in feeding.

But Haſte had almoſt made him choke,
Or elſe (perhaps) he would have ſpoke
In Praiſe of his long thread-bare Cloak
and Breeding.

But after a deliberate Pauſe,
The Lawyer ſpoke, as he had Cauſe,
In Commendation of the Laws
Profeſſion.

The Law, quoth he, by a juſt Doom,
Doth cenſure all that to it come,
Defending the Innocent from
Oppreſſion.

It favours Truth, it curbs the Hope
Of Vice; it gives Allegiance Scope,
Provides a Gallows and a Rope
for Treaſon.

This doth the Law and this is it
Which makes us here in Priſon ſit,
Which grounded is on holy Writ
and Reaſon.

To which all Men muſt ſubject be,
As we by daily Proof do ſee,
From higheſt to the loweſt Degree;
the Scholar,

Noble and Rich: It doth ſubdue
The Soldier and his ſwaggering Crew:
But at that Word the Captain grew
in Choler;

He look'd full Grim, and at firſt Word
Rapt out an Oath that ſhook the Board,
And ſtruck his Fiſt, that the Sound roar'd
like Thunder;

It made all ſkip that ſtood him near,
The frighted Cuſtard quak'd for fear,
And thoſe that heard it, ſtricken were
with Wonder;

Nought did he now but frown and puff,
And having ſtar'd and ſwore enough,
Thus he began in Language rough:
Thou cogging

Baſe foyſting Lawyer, that doſt ſet
Thy Mind on nothing, but to get
Thy Living by thy damned Pet-
tifogging.

A Slave, that ſhall for half a Crown,
With Buckram-Bag, and Daggled Gown,
Wait like a Dog, about the Town,
and follow

A Buſineſs on the Devil's part
For Fees, though not with Law or Art,
But Head as empty as thy Heart
is hollow;

You ſtay at home and pocket Fees,
Whilſt we abroad our Bloods do leeſe,
And then with ſuch baſe Terms as theſe
you wrong us;

But Lawyer it is ſafer far
For thee to prattle at a Bar
Then once to ſhew thy face i'th' War
among us;

Where to defend ſuch thankleſs Hinds,
The Soldier little Quiet finds,
But is expos'd to ſtormy Winds
and Weathers,

And oft in Blood he wades full deep,
Your Throats from foreign Swords to keep,
Aud wakes when you ſecurely ſleep
in Feathers.

What could your Laws and Statutes do,
Againſt Invaſions of a Foe,
Did not the valiant Soldier go
to quell 'em?

And to prevent your farther Harms,
With Enſign, Fife, and loud Alarms
Of warlike Drums, by force of Arms
repell 'em?

Your Treſpaſs Action will not ſtand,
For ſetting Foot upon your Land,
When they in Scorn of your Command
come hither:

No Remedy in Courts of * Poles,
In Common Pleas; or in the Rolles,
For jouling of your Jobbernouls
together.

* *Doctor's-Commons.*

Were't

Wer't not for us, thou Swad (quoth he)
Where would thou Fog to get a Fee?
But to defend such Things as thee,
'tis Pity,

For, such as thou esteem us least,
Who ever have been ready prest,
To guard you, and the Cuckows Nest,
your City.

That very Word made *Ellis* start,
And all his Blood ran to his Heart;
He shook, and quak'd in every part
with Anger:

He look'd as if nought might assuage,
The Heat of his inflamed Rage;
His very Countenance did presage
some Danger.

A Cuckow's Nest? quoth he, and so
He humm'd, and held his Head full low,
As if distracted Thoughts did o-
ver press him.

At length, quoth he, my Mother said,
At *Bristol* she was brought a-bed,
And there was *Ellis* born and bred,
(God bless him.)

Of London City I am free,
And there I first my Wife did see,
And for that very Cause, quoth he,
I love it.

And he that calls it Cuckow's Nest,
Unless he says he speaks in Jest,
He is a Villain, and a Beast,
I'll prove it:

This I'll maintain, nor do I care,
Though Captain *Pot-Gun* ſtamp and ſtare,
And ſwagger, ſwear, and tare his Hair
in Fury;

And with the Hazard of my Blood,
I'll fight up to my Knees in Mudd,
But I will make my Quarrel good
aſſure ye.

For though I am a Man of Trade,
And free of *London*-City made,
Yet I can uſe Gun, Bill, and Blade,
in Battle;

And Citizens if need require,
Themſelves can force the Foe retire,
Whatever this Low-Country Squire
do prattle;

For we have Soldiers of our own,
Able enough to guard the Town,
And Captains of moſt fair Renown
about it;

If any Foe ſhould Fight maintain,
And ſet on us with all his Train;
We'll make him to retire again,
ne'er doubt it.

We have fought well in Dangers paſt,
And will do while our Lives do laſt,
Without the Help of any Caſt-
Commanders,

That hither come, compell'd by Want,
With ruſty Swords, and Suits provant,
From Utrecht, Nimmeguen, or Ghent
in Flanders.

The Captain could no longer hold;
But looking fiercely, plainly told
The Citizen he was too bold
and call'd him.

Proud Boy, and for his ſaucy Speech,
Directly vow'd to whip his Breech:
Then *Ellis* ſnatch'd the Pot with which
he maul'd him.

He threw the Jugg, * and therewithal
Did give the Captain ſuch a mawl,
As made him thump againſt the Wall
his Crupper.

With that the Captain took a Diſh,
That ſtood brim-full of Butter'd Fiſh,
As good as any Heart could wiſh
to ſupper:

And as he threw, his Foot did ſlide,
Which turn'd his Arm and Diſh aſide,
'Twas then he all be-butterfied
Nick Ballat:

And he good Man did none diſeaſe;
But ſitting quiet, and at his Eaſe,
With butter'd Roches thought to pleaſe
his Pallate.

But when he felt the Wrong he had,
He rag'd, and ſwore. and grew ſtark mad;
Some in the Room been better had
without him:

For he took hold of any thing;
And firſt he caught the Poul of Ling,
Which he courageouſly did fling
about him:

* *The Scuffle begins.*

Out

Out of his Hand it flew apace,
And hit the Lawyer in the Face,
Who at the Board in higheſt Place
was ſeated.

And as the Lawyer thought to riſe,
The Salt was thrown into his Eyes,
Which him of Sight in woeful wiſe
defeated.

All things near hand, *Nick Ballat* threw;
At length his butter'd Roches flew;
And hit by Chance among the Crew
the Parſon:

The Sauce his Coat did all bewet,
The Prieſt began to fume and fret,
The Seat was butter'd which he ſet
his Arſe on:

He knew not what to do or ſay,
It was in vain to Preach or Pray,
Or cry, *You are all gone aſtray,*
Good People:

He might as well go ſtrive to teach
Divinity beyond his Reach;
Or when the Bells ring out, go preach
i'th' Steep'e.

At this Miſchance the ſilly Man,
Out of the Room would fain have ran,
And very angrily began
to mutter.

Ill Luck had he; for after that
One threw the Parſnips full of Fat;
Which ſtuck like Broaches in his Hat
with Butter.

Out of the Place he ſoon repairs,
And ran half headlong down the Stairs,
And made Complaint to Maſter *Aires*
with crying.

Up ran he to know the Matter,
And found how they the things did ſcatter;
Here a Trencher, there a Platter
were lying.

I dare not ſay he ſtunk for Woe,
Nor will, unleſs I did it know;
But ſome there be that dare ſay ſo,
that ſmelt him:

Nor could you blame him if he did,
For they threw Diſhes at his Head;
And did with Eggs and Loaves of Bread
bepelt him.

He thruſt himſelf into the Throng,
And uſed the Virtue of his Tongue;
But what was one Man's Words among
ſo many?

The Candles were all ſhuffled out,
The Victuals flew afreſh about;
Never was ſuch a Combat fought
by any.

Now in the Dark was all the Coil;
Some were bloody in the Broil,
And Some were ſteep'd in Sallad-Oil
and Muſtard.

The fight would make a Man afear'd;
Another had a butter'd Beard,
Anothers Face was all beſmear'd
with Cuſtard.

Others were daub'd up to the Knee,
With butter'd Fiſh, and Furmity;
And ſome, the Men could ſcarcely ſee
that beat 'em.

Under a Board *Lluellin* * lay,
Being ſorely frighted with the Fray;
And as the Weapons flew that Way
he eat 'em.

The Bread ſtuck in the Windows all,
Like Bullets in a Caſtle-Wall,
Which furious Foes did ſeek to ſcale
in Battle.

Shoulders of Mutton, Loins of Veal,
(Appointed for to ſerve the Meal)
About their Ears, full many a Peal,
did rattle.

The which, when *Owen Blany* † 'ſpy'd,
O take away their Arms! he cry'd;
Leſt ſome great Hurt do them betide,
prevent it.

And then the Knave away did ſteal,
Of Food that fell, no little deal;
And in his Houſe, at many a Meal,
he ſpent it.

The Captain ran the moſt among,
As eager to revenge the Wrong
Done by the Pot which *Ellis* flung
ſo ſtoutly:

And angry *Ellis* ſought about
To find the furious Captain out.
At length they met; and then they fought
devoutly.

---

* W. Lluellin, *a Priſoner there, ſome time the Keeper.* † *An Under-Keeper.*

Now, being met, they never lin
Till, with their loud robuſtious Din,
The Room, and all that was therein
did rumble.

Inſtead of Weapons made of Steel,
The Captain took a ſalted Eel;
And, at each Blow, made *Ellis* reel,
and tumble.

Ellis, a Pippin-pie had got;
A ſorer Weapon than the Pot;
For lo, the Apples being hot,
did ſcald him!

The Captain laid about him ſtill,
As if he would poor *Ellis* kill;
And with his Eel, with a Good-will,
he maul'd him.

At length, quoth he, *Ellis*, thou art
A Fellow of courageous Heart;
Yield now, and I will take thy part
hereafter.

Quoth *Ellis*, much I ſcorn to hear
Thy Words of Threat, being free from Fear:
With which he hardly could forbear
from Laughter.

Together then afreſh they fly,
The Eel againſt the Pippin-pie;
But *Blany* ſtood there purpoſely
to watch 'em.

The Weapons wherewithal they fought,
Were thoſe for which he chiefly ſought,
And, with an eager Stomach thought
to catch 'em.

But 'ſcap'd not now ſo well away,
As at the Veal and Mutton Fray;
He thought to have, with ſuch a Prey,
his Jaws fed.

But all his Hope did turn aſide,
He look'd for that which Luck deny'd;
For *Ellis* all be-pippin-py'd
his Calve's-head.

Woe was the Caſe he now was in,
The hot Apples did ſcald his Skin;
His Skull, as it had rotten been,
did quaddle.

With that one Fool among the Rout,
Made Out-cry, all the Houſe about,
That *Blany*'s Brains were beaten out
his Noddle.

Which * *Lockwood* hearing, needs would ſee
What all this Coil and Stir might be;
And up the Stairs his Guts and he
went waddling.

But when he came the Chamber near,
Behind the Door he ſtood, to hear;
For in he durſt not come, for fear
of ſwaddling.

There ſtood he, in a frighted Caſe;
And as, by Chance, he ſtirr'd his Face,
Full in the Mouth a butter'd Plaice
did hit him.

Away he ſneak'd, and with his Tongue
He lick'd and ſwallow'd up the Wrong;
And as he went the Room along,
beſhit him.

---

* *A Turnkey, a fat Fellow.*

For

For Help now doth poor *Lockwood* cry;
O bring a Surgeon, or I die!
My Guts out of my Belly fly:
Come quickly!

Blany, with open Mouth, likewiſe
For preſent Help of Surgeon cries;
Pity a Man, quoth he, that lies
ſo fickly.

Phillips, the ſkilful Surgeon, then
Was call'd, and call'd, and call'd agen;
If he had Skill to cure theſe Men,
to ſhew it.

At length he comes: And firſt he puts
His Hands to feel for *Lockwood*'s Guts,
Which came not forth ſo ſweet as Nuts,
all know it.

He cries for Water. In the mean
One calls up *Madge*, the Kitchen-Queen,
To take and make the Baby clean,
and clout it.

Faſt by the Noſe ſhe took the Squall,
And led him ſoftly thro' the Hall,
Leſt the Perfume, thro' his Knees, ſhould fall
about it.

She turn'd his Hoſe beneath his Knee;
Nor could ſhe chooſe but laugh to ſee
That yellow, which was us'd to be
a white Breech.

She took a Diſhclout off the Shelf,
And with it wip'd the ſhitten Elf,
Which had not Wit to wipe itſelf,
poor Shit-breech.

Thus

Thus leaving *Lockwood*, all bewray'd,
Unto the Mercy of the Maid,
Who well deſerved to be paid
for taking

Some homely Pains. Now let us caſt
Our Thoughts back on the Stir that's paſt,
And them whoſe Bones could not in Haſte
leave aching.

And, like the Candles, ſhall my Pen
Shew you theſe Gallants once agen,
Which now like Furies, not like Men,
appeared.

Freſh Lights being brought t' appeaſe the Brawl,
Shew twenty Madmen in the Hall,
With Blood and Sauce their Faces all-
beſmeared.

Their Cloaths all rent, and ſous'd in Drink;
Oil, Muſtard, Butter, and the Stink
Which *Lockwood* left, would make one think,
in Sadneſs,

That theſe (ſo monſtrous) Creatures dwell
Either in *Bedlam* or in *Hell*,
Or that no Tongue or Pen can tell
their Madneſs.

They were, indeed, diſfigur'd ſo,
Friend knew not Friend, nor Foe-man Foe;
For each Man ſcarce himſelf did know.
But after

A frantick Staring round about,
They ſuddenly did quit their Doubt;
And, loudly, all at once broke out
in Laughter.

The

The Heat of all is now allay'd,
The Keepers gently do perſuade;
And (as before) all Friends are made
full kindly.

Ellis, the Captain doth embrace;
The Captain doth return the Grace,
And ſo do all Men in the Place,
as friendly.

By *Jove*, I love thee, *Ellis* cry'd,
The Captain ſoon as much reply'd;
Thou art, quoth he, a Man well try'd:
And *Vulcan*

With *Mars* at Odds again ſhall be,
E'er any Jars 'twixt thee and me;
And thereupon I drink to thee
a full Can.

And then he kneel'd upon the Ground;
Drink't off, quoth *Ellis*; for this Round
For ever ſhall be held renown'd:
And never

May any Quarrel 'twixt us twain
Ariſe, or this renew again;
But may we loving Friends remain
for ever.

Amen, cry'd the Captain; ſo did all;
And ſo the Health went round the Hall;
And thus the famous *Compter Brawl*
was ended.

But Hunger now did vex 'em more
Than all their Anger did before;
They ſearch'd i'th' Room, how far their Store
extended.

They want the Meat which *Blany* ſtole:
One finds a Herring in a Hole,
With Dirt and Duſt black as a Coal,
and trodden

All under Feet. The next in Poſt
Snaps up and feeds on what was loſt,
And looks not whether it were roaſt
or ſodden.

A third finds in another Place
A Piece of Ling, in dirty Caſe,
And Muſtard in his Fellow's Face.
Another

Spies, and finds a Loaf of Bread,
A Diſh of Butter all beſpread,
And ſtuck upon another's Head
i'th' Pother.

Thus, what they found contented ſome:
At length the Keeper brings a Broom,
Meaning therewith to cleanſe the Room
with ſweeping.

But under Table, on the Ground,
Looking to ſweep, by Chance, he found
Uuellin, feigning to be found-
ly ſleeping.

He pull'd him out ſo ſwift by th' Heels,
As if his Bum had run on Wheels,
And found his Pocket ſtuft with Eels:
His Codpiece

Did Plenty of Proviſion bring,
Somewhat it held of every Thing;
Smelts, Flounders, Roaches, and of Ling
a broad Piece.

At this Discovery, each Man round
Took equal Share of what was found,
Which afterwards they freely drown'd
in good Drink.

For of good Beer there was good Store,
Till all was glad to give it o'er;
For each Man had enough and more,
that wou'd drink.

And when they thus had drank and fed,
As if no Quarrel had been bred,
They all shook Hands, and all to Bed
did shuffle.

Ellis, the Glory of the Town,
With that brave Captain of Renown:
And thus I end this famous *Comp-*
ter Scuffle.

FINIS.

Shortly will be publish'd,

The Rambling FUDDLE-CAPS:
OR,
A Tavern Struggle for a Kiss.